

# The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1852.

NUMBER 13.

THE LANCASTER LEDGER IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

R. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH AT THIS OFFICE.

### Selected Articles.

#### THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

One evening, in the early part of the winter, the door-bell rang with energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. "A man," is one thing with a servant, a "gentleman," another, a "person," something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. His dress was very neat, but plain, and rather coarse. His lines, that edge of refinement, was white, in perspiration, and almost elegant. Every thing about him seemed to be substantial; but nothing gave a clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming he was a simple man. When he spoke to me, his address was simple, clear direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance, the furthest possible from a vulgar bluster.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you would go and see my child. We fear he is threatened with the croup." The case which he described as we went along, was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up, up, up, to the fourth story. The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door. You will see, in time, why I give these little particulars.

I entered the open door, and was welcomed by a rather pretty and remarkably tidy woman who could have been nobody in the world but the wife of the man who had summoned him.

"I am glad you have come so soon," she said in a soft pure accent. "Little William seems so distressed that he can hardly breathe," and the next moment as we passed through a narrow passage where he lay, I heard the unmistakable croupy sound, that justly carries such terror to the parent's heart.

"Is it the croup, Doctor?" asked the father, with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child, a fine boy, three years of age.

"It is certainly the croup," I said, "and a pretty violent attack. How long is it since you thought him sick?"

"Not above an hour," was the calm reply. "It was made calm by a firm self-control. I looked at the mother. She was very pale, but did not trust herself to speak."

"Then there is probably not much to be done," I said; "but we have something to do. Have you water here?"

The husband went to what seemed a closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with the Coston. This was beyond my hopes; but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his little crib, where he lay upon a nice hair mattress, for a Prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night clothes, stood him in the bath-tub, and made his father pour cold water over his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed them briskly with my hand. He was then wiped dry, and rubbed until his whole body was glowing like a flame. Then I wrung a large towel out of cold water and put it round his throat, and then wrapped him up in blankets. The brave little fellow had borne it all without a complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eye no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in the blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in a sound refreshing sleep. The danger was over—so rapidly in this disease cured. The mother had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them, and was more than satisfied, where to place them. There was no mark of high birth or superior breeding—not a shadow of decayed gen-

tility about them. It was rather the reverse, as if they were working up from a low rank of life to a higher.

I looked around the room. It was the bed room. Every thing in it was perfectly neat and orderly, the bed like the crib, was excellent but not costly. The white counterpane did not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautiful it looked! The white window curtains were shilling muslin; but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed! The bath, with its snug folding doors, I knew had not cost, plumber's bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet table, of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt, was of pine, and cost half a dollar. The pictures on the wall were beautiful lithographs—better, far better, than oil paintings; I have seen in the houses of millionaires; yet they can be bought at Goupil's or Williams', or Stevens', for three to five shillings, and a dollar apiece had framed them. The floor had a carpet that matched everything, with its small, neat figure, and a light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping, in all its parts, as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving his little boy to his untroubled sleep, and giving directions for a bath on his waking, we went into the other room, which was differently, but just as neatly arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, (only it had a cooking-stove,) for an artist's studio, or a dining room. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, landscapes; all such a man of taste could select and buy cheap; but which, like good books, are invaluable. And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney which a single glance assured me contained the choicest treasures of the English tongue.

The man went to a bureau, opened a drawer, and took out some money.

"What is your fee, Doctor?" he asked, holding the bills so as to select one to pay me.

Now, I had made, up my mind, before I had got half-way up stairs, that I might have to wait for my pay—perhaps never get it, but all this had changed. I could not, as I often do, inquire into the circumstances of the man, and graduate my price accordingly. There he stood ready to pay me, with money enough; yet it was evident that he was a working man and far from wealthy. I nothing left but to name the lowest fee.

"One dollar does not seem enough," said he. "You have saved the child's life, and have been at more trouble than to merely write a prescription."

"Do you work for a living?" I asked, hoping to solve the mystery.

He smiled and held out his hand which the unquestionable marks of honest toil.

"You are a mechanic," said I, willing to know more of him.

"Take that," he said, placing a two-dollar note in my hand, with a not-to-be-refused air; "and I will gratify your curiosity; for there is no use in pretending that you are not a little curious."

"There was a hearty, respectful freedom about this that was irresistible. I put the note in my pocket, and the man going to a door, opened it into a closet of modern size, and displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker."

"You must be an extraordinary workman," said I, looking around the room which seemed almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item I found that it cost very little.

"No, nothing extra," said he, "I barely manage to earn a little over a dollar a day. Mary helps me some. With the housework to do, and our boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average eight dollars a week. We began with nothing—we live as you see."

All this comfort, this respectability, this almost luxury for eight dollars a week! I expressed my surprise. "I should be very sorry if we spent so much," said he.

"We have not only managed to live on that, but we have something laid up in the Savings' Bank."

"Will you have the goodness," said I, "to explain to me how you do it?"

"With pleasure," he replied: "for you may persuade others, no better off than I am, to make the best of their situation. My name is William Carter. My father died when I was young, and was bound out an apprentice to a shoemaker, with usual provisions of schooling. I did as well as boys do generally at school as I was very fond of reading, I made the most of my spare time and the advantages of the Apprentices' Library. Probably the books that helped me most were the sensible writings of Wm. Cobbett. Following his example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have to some extent succeeded. But man's education is a life-long process; and the more I learn the more I see before me."

"I was hardly out of my time when I fell in love with Mary there, whom some people think very pretty, but whom I know to be very good."

Mary looked up with a bright, loving smile, as to fully justify some people in their notions.

"When I had been one year a journeyman, and laid up a few dollars (for I had a strong motive to be saving,) we were married. I boarded at her father's and she bound shoes for the shop where I worked. We lived a few weeks at home but it was not our home—so we determined to set up housekeeping. It was rather a small set up but we made it answer. I spent a week in house-hunting. Some were too dear, some too shabby.—At last I found this place. It was new and clean, high and airy, and I thought it would be good. I got it for fifty dollars a year—and though the rents all round advanced, our landlord is satisfied with

with it at, or takes it in preference to renting a worse tenant. The place was naked enough and we had little to put in it save ourselves; but we went cheerfully to work, earned all we could, and saved all we could—and you see the result."

"I see; but I confess I do not understand it," said I, willing to hear him explain the economies of this modest and beautiful home.

"Well it is simple enough. When Mary and I moved ourselves here and took possession, with a table, two chairs, a cooking stove, a saucepan or two, and a cot-bed with a straw mattress, the first thing we did was to hold a council of war. Now, Mary, my love, said I here we are. We have next to nothing, and we have everything to get and nobody but ourselves to help ourselves.

"We found that we could earn, on an average, eight dollars a week. We determined to live as cheaply as possible, save all we could, and make us a home. Our rent was one dollar a week—our fuel, light, water-put and some little matters a dollar more. We have allowed the same amount out of our clothing, and by buying the best things, and keeping them carefully, we dressed well enough for that. Even my wife is satisfied with the wardrobe, and finds that raw silk at six shillings a yard is shilling. That makes three dollars a week and had still our living to pay for. That cost us with three in a family, just one dollar more."

"One dollar apiece?"

"No—none dollar for all. You seem surprised; but we have reckoned it over and over. It cost more at first, but now we have learned to live both better and cheaper—so that we have a clear surplus of four dollars a week, after paying all expenses of rent, fire, light, water, clothing and food, and occasionally giving a party."

I know a smile came over my face, for he continued:

"Yes, give a party; and we have some pleasant ones, I assure you. Sometimes we have a dozen guests, which is quite enough for comfort, and our treat of chocolate, cakes, blancmange, etc., costs as much as two dollars; but this is not very often. Out of our surplus, which comes, you see, to two hundred dollars a year—we have bought all you see, and have money in the bank."

"I see it all," said I, "all but the living. Many a mechanic spends more than that for cigars, to say nothing of liquor. Pray tell me precisely how you live."

"With pleasure. First of all, then, I smoke no cigars and chew no tobacco, and Mary takes no snuff."

Has the pleasant time come in, our debt was no interruption; for Mary seemed to think her husband knew what he was about, and could talk very well without her aid.

"But what do you eat and drink?" I asked, curious to see how far this self-taught philosopher had progressed in the laws of health.

"Come this way, and I will show you," he said; taking a light and leading the way into an spacious store-room. "Here first of all, is a mill, which cost me twelve shillings. It grinds all my grain; gives me the freshest and most beautiful meal, and saves tolls and profits. This is a barrel of wheat. I buy the best, and am sure that it is clean and good. It costs less than three cents a pound, and a pound of wheat a day, you know, is food enough for any man. We make into bread, mush, pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. This is hominy. Here are some beans, a box of tapioca, macaroni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best I can find in Fulton market. Here is a box of sugar, and this is our butter jar. We take a quart of country milk a day. I buy the rest down town, by the box or barrel when I get it cheapest. Making wheat—eaten as mush or bread, and all made-course, without boiling—and potatoes, hominy, or rice, the staple, you can easily see that a dollar a week for provisions is not only ample, but allows of a healthy and even luxurious variety. For the rest we eat greens, vegetables, fruit and berries in their season. In the summer we have strawberries and peaches, as soon as they are ripe and good. Mary will get up a dinner from these materials better than the whole bill of fare at the Astor."

I was satisfied. Here was comfort, intelligence, taste and modern luxury, all enjoyed by a humble mechanic, who knew how to live at the cost I have mentioned. How much useless complaining might be saved—how much genuine happiness be enjoyed—how much evil and suffering might be prevented, if all the working men in New York were as Wm. Carter.

I never shook a man or woman by the hand with more hearty respect, than when I said, "good night" to this happy couple who, in this expensive city, are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the bench of a shoemaker a chair of practical philosophy.—Condensed from the New York Sunday Times.

Force never reformed a man who was going to destruction. Obstinacy is one of the most determined qualities of human nature. Attempts to prevent men from doing that which is not immoral are always considered as violations of private rights, and generally lead to deliberate defiance. If men cannot be reasoned with, they will not be driven. If it is enacted by law that people shall not drink, they will systematically disregard any such tyrannical prohibition, and elevate the vice to the dignity of virtue.

The highest proof of moral courage is to buy and eat salmagundi the next day after your dog has been stolen.

#### Thrilling incident in Ocean Life.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Saugier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward; but along towards the close of the afternoon, the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, evening like atmospheric breathings came from the great sun-baked Sahara. Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the cheering order for the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yard.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corsets suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into these most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner; and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding sail in a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though it bosom rose in long heavy swell that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored with long sweeps from both cables, and the buoy and the starboard cable, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Towards this buoy the two boys made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within about twenty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped from the poop, and was upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ear that made him start as if he had been struck with a cannon ball.

A shark! A shark! came from the captain of the forecastle, and at the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right ahead, at a distance of three or four cables length, a sharp wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of senses, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not, and the shark, as if he were the spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang over the water, and at length they touched the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of the gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach the boys in season, and it could not be expected to see the monster sink round sight; then he knew all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had rescued their enemy.

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, a quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted for and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand, made strong by a sudden wine, the old gunner seized a priming wire, and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place, and set the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant's strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing and then seized the string of the lock, he stood and watched or the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a little moment would settle his hopes and ears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully.—The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and the old man knew his shot was gone, he sat back upon his combing hatch and covering his face with his own efforts, for if he had failed he knew his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air; there was a dead silence, but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men. That murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his eye was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his white belly up, a mangled lifeless mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his child in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement an suspense, but never have I seen three human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling moment when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.—Exchange Paper.

A wag, observing some of the window panes of a shop, kept by one Jones, made of paper, instead of glass put his head through one of them, exclaiming, "Pray, tell me, is Mr. Jones in?" The shop man thrust his head through another pane, and he replied: "No sir, he has just popped out."

#### Singular Resemblances.

We translate the following from a late French newspaper:

A correspondent at Vienna mentions a singular fact, which has created quite a lively sensation among the learned physiologists of Germany. The Countess D., for many years a widow, was the mother of twin daughters, between whom there was such a striking resemblance, that in the family even it was necessary to resort to some artificial mode of distinguishing the one from the other. In features, in stature, in manners, in voice, in everything, the resemblance was perfect. As the young ladies enjoyed a good reputation, and had moreover a fortune in prospect, they had been beset by crowds of suitors, all of whom had been doomed to the disappointment of their hopes. One day, two Frenchmen, who had but recently arrived at Vienna, presented themselves at the residence of the Countess. They were twin brothers, who likewise resembled each other so distinctly, that it was almost impossible to distinguish them. The two daughters of the Countess, who had been before remarkable for their cheerfulness and gaiety, became suddenly depressed and melancholy. Their hands were soon sought in a marriage, however, by the young Frenchmen. The offers were accepted, and in the course of a month or two, the parties were married at the same time.—In due time, and on the same day, and at the same hour, the two young wives presented their husbands each with a son—an event which seemed to complete the happiness of the two families. A year past and the two infants fell sick of the same disease, and at the same time, and notwithstanding the utmost care of the most distinguished physicians, they both died on the same day, in their mother's arms. The mothers were alike inconsolable under their affliction, and having sought a change of scene in Paris, unfortunately, they at last died on the same day, of disease engendered by excessive grief.

At the last account, it was feared that the two brothers would sink under the weight of their afflictions, and as they had never in their lives been separated, that they would soon yield up their lives together. These extraordinary circumstances, it is stated, have been made a subject of investigation in the French Academies.—Boston Traveller.

#### The Life of a Printer.

The following strange eventful record of a journeyman printer's life, is taken from a collection of papers published in a correct to the letter. It develops what a man can do if he likes, and what queer and enterprising, unselfish fellows, the majority of printers are.

"The life of a printer is, to say the least one of variety. I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business at thirteen, since then I have visited Europe—been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and France—in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies, and all the Atlantic States of the Union, from Maine to Louisiana—have lived in twenty-seven cities and towns of the United States. I have been a sailor in the merchant service, ship, barque, brig, schooner, sloop, and steamer—in the regular army, as a private soldier deserted and got shot in the leg. I have studied two years for an M. D., travelled through all the New England States—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little else than a brass rule in my pocket. I have been the publisher of two papers in—, one in Boston, one in Roxbury, Mass, one in New Hampshire, and one in Maine. At one time I had \$7,350 in my pocket of my own. I have been a temperance lecturer, and proprietor of a temperance theatre."

THREE IMPORTANT FACTS.—Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a persons worth.—This is an important rule; for many a noble spirit is covered with the habiliments of poverty, while not unfrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest dye. Dean Swift says, that nature has given to every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not shining in company; and there are a hundred and fifty many qualities; for both, who by very few faults, that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable. The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an interchange of friend ship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour because we think it unjustly stolen from the business of life.

GOLDEN RULES FOR WIVES.—Resolve every morning to be cheerful that day, and should anything occur to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be what it may, but rather deny yourself the satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel or create a heart-burning which it is impossible to see the end of. Implicit submission of a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both, but implicit submission of a wife to her husband is what she promised at the altar, what that good will reverse her for, and what is in fact, the greatest honor she can receive. Be assured a woman's powers, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest by all possible means, to preserve and increase, share and moor his cares, and with the utmost assiduity, conceal his errors.

## Sunday Reading.

### God Alone Qualified to Govern.

The fact that a perfect God reigns, affords good grounds for universal rejoicing. In respect to the government of the universe, only three suppositions are possible: God must reign, or some other being or beings, or there be no government. Would it be best to lift off from the moral universe all the restraints and permit every moral being to act out, unbridled, all the feelings of his heart? Would it be best to abolish all laws human and divine, and leave all hearts to the natural workings of every good and evil passion? What would be the consequence of such a universal emancipation of mind from the restraints of law? Would created mind rise itself? That question has been long since settled. Notwithstanding all the controlling influences which the law of God and man throw around it, its constant tendency even now is, to break loose from this control, and follow recklessly the leadings of passion.—And were these restraints entirely removed and a full license given throughout to the natural workings of created mind and heart, what would the universe become but one broad Aedon, a field of terror, and anarchy, and blood. Thanks, then, to the great universal Lawgiver, that this is not the scene every where presented to the eye. Would it then be best that any other being than God should take the government upon his shoulders? Who would undertake to bear the burden? Who would presume, Pharon like, to drive the chariot of the sun? Who, to guide the comets through the complicated system of revolving worlds? Who, to govern and keep in harmony the still more complicated system of the moral universe—beings as every flaming orb of mind there is, its countless alterations? But admitting that beings might be found presumptuous enough to undertake the natural law pre-eminence, still who would be willing to entrust them with the government? Who is there to whom you would not shoulder to commit it? Would you give the dominion to the hands of infidelity, mercy and love, and trust for it to the hands of perfect indignity and rage? The blood flows heavily in upon the heart and curdles there at the mere thought of such a change. The eye of imagination runs down ward to the murky throne of the infernal king, glances over his flaming dominions, and then passes upward to the throne of our Father, and beholds all the dominion of Satan, trampled under a hell. Would you, then, entrust the government to man? Why, he has been already tried and found incompetent to govern even himself. And having proved unfaithful even in that which is his own, who shall commit to him that which is another's? Would you, then, put the reins of empire into the hands of any of the spirits of heaven, even of the highest archangel there? But could he manage well the interests of the universe? Could he rule the world of nature? Could he give laws to the world of mind and heart, and see them wisely executed? And if those laws were broken, could he give him a redemptive scheme? Why, give him the sceptre and evil would soon enter the system, and disaster attending on the heels of disaster—till the whole train of world, broken loose from law, and dashing onward in wild disorder, with lightning speed, leaping at length from the appointed track, become a universal wreck. To whom, then, would you give the government? We have contrived to create thro' and no hand competent to wield the sceptre. We gaze on the appalling spectacle which the universe without a ruler or under the guidance of any created mind presents, and we are forced in horror to turn away from it and look upward for relief to the great Creator; and as we see in his character every conceivable attribute of a perfect universal Ruler, and see, too, the reins of general control held calmly in his hand, and then look around and witness everywhere the beneficent results of his wise and benevolent administration, our souls with a full gush of rapturous emotion involuntarily exclaim: "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

### Amos and the Nails.

There was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to reform.

One day the father said to Amos: "Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of these nails into this wall."

Amos said, "Well, father, I will." Before long Amos came to his father and said, "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see."

The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails.

He said to his son, "Amos, have you committed a wrong action for every one of these nails?"

"Yes, father," said Amos. "What a bad boy you must be, Amos. Why will you not turn about and try to be a good boy?"

Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments, and then said, "Father, I will try—I have been altered for too bad; and I will try to be a better boy."

Said his father, "Take the hammer, and for every good act you do, draw out a nail and put it in the keg."

In a few weeks the boy came and said, "Father, I have pulled out all the nails I have done well again. Every good act I have done has pulled out a nail. See, the keg is all again."

"I am glad of it, my son, but, Amos, the holes are left!"

### The Goldfinch and the Mole.

In a lovely garden, full of sweet-scented flowers, a beautiful Goldfinch had built its nest in an apple tree. It labored unweariedly for its young, and perhaps a thousand times a day it flew from its nest, sought food for the helpless little birds, and brought it to them in its bill.

A Mole who was stooping beneath the apple tree, and gazed at the industrious Goldfinch. At times, also, the master of the garden came with his little son to the tree, and watched with a smiling face the busy little bird.

"See," he said to the boy, "how anxious the little creature cares for its young. It shrinks from no toil, and is busy the whole day, caring for their needs. Do not disturb the bird in its labors."

But the master of the garden was very angry at the Mole, and every day threatened him with traps and snares, so that when the latter heard it he trembled and shook with fear.

One day he spoke sadly to the Goldfinch and said; "How does it happen that the master continually showers praises upon you and threatens me daily with death and imprisonment?"

"He takes delight in my industry," said the Goldfinch.

"But am I not full as industrious as you?" inquired the Mole. "Look, I have dug up the whole garden; I am busy day and night, and allow myself scarcely an hour's repose. Can I do more?"

"My friend," replied the Goldfinch, "it is not enough that one should be industrious merely; industry must have a good aim. I toil to rear my young, and care for their nourishment; by this I disturb no one, and can do no one harm. But what do you effect by your industry? You destroy instead of preserving. This garden is the joy of its master. You uproot it, gnaw the roots of the vegetables, and disturb the plants. Ask yourself if he can be pleased with you for this, or can applaud your industry. Believe me, it is even better to do nothing than to do evil."—[N. Y. Organ.]

### Flower Culture.

The most delightful and healthy employment for ladies, is the culture of Flowers. The general superintendence of a garden is generally found favorable to health, by leading to frequent exercises in the open air, and that communicating with nature is equally refreshing to their heart. The tending of flowers has ever appeared a fitting care for the young and beautiful. They then dwell, as it were, among their own embryos, and many a voice of wisdom breathes from the ear from those sweet blossoms, to which they apportion the dew and the sun-beam.

### The Dying Christian.

Doest thou see that glorious setting sun? How glorious a sight to behold! Slowly, calmly, and majestically, he sinks to rest. Now the clouds are hurried with living sapphires! What a mild, yet heavenly radiance marks his glorious pathway; And though his noonday brightness fades away, His dying beauty far exceeds the day.

There is no loud acclaim nor pomp of heraldry to denote his exit, as when monarchs leave their thrones. All is quiet richness, and superlative loveliness. What scene on earth more fair, more grand, more beautiful!

How striking the analogy between such a scene and the death of the Christian! He approaches the valley of death, but when he passes through it, there is light in the valley, there is a glorious light all around! The last shadow is fled and gone, and the kindling glories of the heavenly world now illumine his pathway. What ecstatic joy now kindles in the bosom, and what enrapturing visions beset his eye!

He sees the light of eternity mingled with time and feels its joys as a prelude of heaven! His sun sets here but rises in glory; his last hours are his most

luminous ones, and his death is but the beginning of that illustrious life that shall have no end! How truly glorious and pleasing are the last hours of the dying good man! Aye, see now how— "He views his home, and smiling sinks to rest, And gains at once a mansion with the blest."

A WORLDLY SPIRIT.—If a man's conduct shows that he thinks more of treasure on earth than of treasure in heaven; and if, when he has got the world, or some part of it, hugs it close, and appears exceedingly reluctant to let even a little of it go for pious and charitable uses, though God promises him a thousand fold more in heaven for it, he gives not the least evidence of his being weaned from the world, or that he prefers heavenly things to things of the world. Judging by his practice there is sad reason to believe that his profession is in vain.

## Stories for the Young.

### Amos and the Nails.

There was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to reform.

One day the father said to Amos: "Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of these nails into this wall."

Amos said, "Well, father, I will." Before long Amos came to his father and said, "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see."

The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails.